

The Evening Times

FRANK A. MUNSEY

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Futile Experiments.

There seems to be a certain justice in the contention that the experiments of Dr. Wiley, of the Agricultural Department, as to the harmfulness of boric acid will not be especially valuable. It is pointed out that the scientist intends to feed with his prepared meats young men in perfect health, and that subjects such as these are not likely to be much affected by any bad food short of rank poison.

It is not claimed that borax as it is used in preserving meats is a violent poison. It is asserted, however, that it tends to injure health by slow and insidious action, somewhat as adulterations of flour with white earth might do it.

The probabilities, therefore, are against any perceptible evil effects in the case of young and healthy men. If the boric acid injures anybody, it will be a child, an aged person, or an invalid, in whom the vital powers are not active enough to throw off the poison. To make the experiment effective it should be tried on subjects such as these, which, for obvious reasons, is not likely to be done.

This sort of scientific work reminds one of the old story about the nobleman who, in engaging a coachman, asked applicants to show how near they could drive with safety to the edge of a precipice. Disregarding the boasts of those who said they could come within a foot, an inch, or a half-inch, of the edge, he chose the man who kept on the other side of the road. The safest way in all cases of suspected foodstuffs is to go to the other side of the road. The natural food of mankind is not meat treated with boric acid, or flour adulterated with white earth, and it is just as well not to get too far away from nature.

British Novelists on the Run.

One of the most pathetic figures in the world of letters just now is that of the British novelist lifting his arms to the skies in lamentation over the fact that the American writer of fiction is outskilling him in the English home markets.

It comes hard for the British novelist to face this truth, don't you know, because, for so many years, he has been cock of the walk in the literary bazaar of Anglo-Saxondom. It isn't much more than a generation ago since the scornful English query, "Who reads an American book?" went still unanswered throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, save for an amused titter at the absurdity of the question. Who, indeed?

But times change and men change with them. The book news from London these days is mighty interesting reading for an American, because in the mention of the most popular novels you'll find those by American writers plentiful in number and high in station.

English readers seem to relish our breezy tales—and, when you come to think of it, they must have grown deeply weary of the conventional stuff which their own story tellers—barring Thomas Hardy and one or two others of original strength—have been dishing up to them. Therefore they have turned to the newer and

fresher school, desiring, primarily, to be interested in what they read.

This is a notable achievement for American novelists. It used to be the case that, even in this country, our men of letters could not compete with their English brethren. The highest compliment which one of them could receive was supposed to be found in the grudging concession that he possessed almost the English touch in his literary work. How passing strange, and how comforting, therefore, to see the American novelist setting the pace for his English fellows in these enterprising times.

It is far more distinctly a triumph of American brains than the American construction of England's bridges in Egypt, or the American establishment of rapid transit in England's metropolises.

A Kentucky woman was recently divorced from two men in one day, and the Chicago papers are having a wholly unnecessary amount of fun over the matter.

Considering the effect which a cold in the head of Pierpont Morgan produces in Wall Street, Mr. Morgan should be thoughtful enough to remember that Wall Street is not to be sneezed at.

Clyde Fitch is reported as having quoted Browning in an interview, but luckily for the reputation of the dead author, Mr. Fitch does not contemplate dramatizing any of his poetry.

Some untruthful person told Mascagni that there were no laundry facilities in America, and the trusting composer brought along some three hundred shirts on the strength of it; and, after all, he has not been able to avoid having laundry work done in public.

One of these love-in-a-cottage brides complains of having been fed on health food. That variation from the orthodox bread and cheese and kisses would show any right-thinking Cupid out of the window.

They have evolved the word "magazinelet" in England. It is quite time that we should begin to write articles on the necessity for protecting the American language.

Mr. MacVeagh's cross-examination of Mr. Mitchell sounds as if he had an accumulation of profanity on the brain. It is safer, sometimes, to let those things loose.

Billy Mason says that the Illinois Republicans will yet return him to the Senate. But the Senate doesn't want him any more than the Illinois Republicans do.

A girl in McPherson, Kan., cut her throat with a razor, which, we are informed, "was used by her father for shaving." This is a relief. He might have used it for sawing wood.

A scientist of Munich recommends isolation as a cure for lying. The only trouble with that is that there is not enough barbed-wire fence in the world to isolate all the sufferers.

Mr. Bryan says that Mr. Cleveland's principles are "purely lingual." Is it to be inferred that Mr. Bryan's are bi-lingual?

Mrs. Doxheimer's story of anarchist plots to assassinate President Roosevelt should at least have the effect of making the President less reckless in giving opportunity for assassination.

"A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS."

She Was a True Woman.

MISS MARGARET McDERMOTT, of Elizabeth, N. J., now enters the openwork stocking controversy and confirms the truth of my recent assertion that woman will not permit inartistic man to regulate her taste in the matter of apparel. Miss McDermott was standing before a justice of the peace in Jersey City the other day, and was on the very verge of becoming Mrs. Terence Sheehan, when the fact that she wore openwork hosiery was made evident. The close-shave bridegroom voiced his disapproval of such frivolities and the narrow-escape bride retorted that she would wear any kind of hosiery she liked, and that no man should dictate to her on the subject. One word led to another, as the saying is, and all of a sudden the irate young female left the side of the man whom she was about to marry, and the subsequent proceedings interested her no more. Miss McDermott was a typical woman in this incident, and we men should learn some sense about these things. In matters of dress, above all else, is it true that "when a woman will, she will, you may depend on't; and when she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

Much Ado About Nothing.

It seems to me that one William Covert, a farmer in the vicinity of Eatontown township, N. J., is making a blunder in permitting himself to be lionized as "Honest William," because of the fact that he has paid a debt of 35 cents after having owed it for some thirty years. I cannot find it in me not to snicker just a bit as I honestly strive to picture to my mind's eye the touching spectacle of William Covert tolling and saving for nearly a generation to amass these 35 cents, and so discharge the debt under which he stood to Grocer Stevens. It was necessary for him to lay by nearly 3 cents a year in order to do the deed for which he is now being applauded—and just think how tremendous an undertaking that is in our prosperous country! Well, of course, if the good souls of Eatontown township want to make much of Farmer Covert for this achievement, it's all right—but there's humor in the situation, notwithstanding.

A Contented Mind Is Riches.

An obliging disposition, which leads one to make the best of what he gets and not to go about bawling that his wishes are not fully gratified, is commendable in this disappointing world of ours. In Crosswicks, N. J., the other night the postoffice was burglariously entered by unknown parties whose one desire was for coin of the realm. But the postmaster had taken the day's cash receipts home with him and all remaining was some mixed candies awaiting an owner. Seeing which, the adaptable burglars immediately readjusted their wants to meet the changed conditions, and incontinently devoured the candy to the last striped stick. There are philosophers in every calling in life.

Hypnotism in Job Lots.

EVER since the Ancient Mariner held the poor wedding guest with his glittering eye until he had completed his tale of woe, the hypnotic power of the unwavering glance has been a matter of common belief. So I am not

surprised that certain folks in White Plains, N. Y., credit pretty Lena Peters with having hypnotized a jury in that town recently. The jurymen were sitting in judgment in a case against her sweetheart, Henry Hoffman, charged with burglary, and Lena is said to have "gazed continually at them" throughout the entire trial, so that, it is argued, they could not resist her spell, but disagreed in their verdict. I cannot clearly understand just how a young woman could hypnotize twelve good men and true at one and the same time, but "the light that lies in women's eyes" is a mighty mysterious thing, and about all we can do is to make abject confession to its potency.

Solomon and Women Who Smoke.

"EAST side, west side, all around the town," as the once popular song had it, women are in the habit of doing pretty much as they please, and Magistrate Hogan, of the West Side court in New York city, evidently demands the backing of an extremely definite law before venturing to oppose this habit. Six young women were brought before him not long ago, charged with smoking, and the detectives who had arrested them looked to Magistrate Hogan to let loose the thunderbolts of justice upon half a dozen feminine heads. But the magistrate was as polite as a basket of chips. "Turn 'em loose," he said. "There's no law against women smoking!" And as the six Lady Nicotines went out, giggling, Magistrate Hogan trembled to think of what might have happened if he were impetuously autocratic, as are some judges, instead of being a second Solomon.

The Egg and the Octopus.

TO my thinking the elimination of the trust evil is very close at hand if it be true, as the news now comes from Chicago, that a monopoly combination has been formed to corner the output and control the price of eggs. The egg has more to do with starting mankind off in a good humor every morning than probably anything else in the world. It is almost the beginning of breakfast, and the normally healthy man is happy-minded at breakfast time. But what if we confront the trust problem in its most abhorrent form with the cracking of the breakfast egg, for which the trust will compel us to pay a sinful price? Why, people, the civilized world will fairly sizzle with hot resentment of monopoly. I bid the trusts beware of the egg! It is pregnant with their undoing.

Cap'n Cox and His Baby.

"A MAN," the old saying tells us, "is as young as he feels; a woman as young as she looks." I don't know how young Cap'n William Cox, of Barnegat, looks, but I'm willing to wager that he's going around swearing he feels like a two-year-old, because, at eighty-six years of age, he is the father of a hearty baby born just a week ago. It's a pity Barnegat isn't a bigger place, because it must be a lot too little for boastful old Cap'n Cox now—you know how these venerable fathers go around swelling and strutting! That's the only reason I hate to acclaim the indomitable veteran; it's a safe wager that he's making every Barnegat man's soul a burden by his brags and swaggers right now. "JACQUES OF ARDEN."

THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC WORLDS.

EMMA EAMES has arrived in New York from Europe, where she spent the summer. The prima donna added three operas to her repertoire during that time. They are Puccini's "La Tosca," which she declares is the most interesting she has ever studied; Mozart's "Così fan tutte," and Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera."

ROSA CARON, long known as one of the leading sopranos in Paris, has been appointed to a professorship in the conservatory at the French capital. It is many years since a woman had this honor, the last recipient having been Mile. Laborde, whose success was so great that two singers of today, Calve and Delna, owe their musical training to her. Mme. Caron's operatic career has been a brilliant one.

HARRIET FORD and E. F. Boddington's dramatization of Mary Johnston's romance, "Audrey," had its first presentation at Richmond last night. Next week "Audrey" will be given in New York at the Madison Square Theater.

For several reasons there is a lively interest in this production, first and foremost being the appearance of Eleanor Robson in the title role of the drama. Miss Robson's rise in the profession has been, not pyrotechnic, but steady. Each new character which she has impersonated has revealed some new artistic capacity. Like many another famous ac-

tress, Eleanor Robson has virtually spent her life on the stage.

HANS RICHTER, the famous German conductor, seems to have had a disagreement with the manager of his concert in London, and the series will be discontinued after the present season. The concert has been given in the English capital for twenty-three years, and their cessation causes surprise, as they have become one of the most important features of the musical season in London.

WALTER DAMROSCH made his first appearance as leader of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last week, and the occasion was a success. The principal number on the program was Tschalkowsky's Fifth Symphony. Mr. Damrosch was cordially greeted when he stepped on the conductor's platform at the opening of the concert, and received numerous congratulations at the close of the program.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON will end his fall tour at Brooklyn Saturday night, and will immediately go to Florida, where he has a winter home. Mr. Jefferson has the distinction of being the only American player who, of his own volition, confines his appearances to sixteen weeks each season, eight weeks in the fall and eight in the spring.

While "the dean of the dramatic profession," as Mr. Jefferson is called by

his admirers, is recuperating in Florida, his son, Thomas Jefferson, is making "Rip Van Winkle" and the other pieces of his father's repertoire known to the people of the far West with excellent financial results. Young Mr. Jefferson is said to give a first-class performance of the roles that Jefferson, pere, has made familiar and, as he bears a marked resemblance to his father, the entertainments are excellent imitations of those witnessed when the original "Rip" appears behind the footlights.

SIGNOR SCOTTI will again be a member of the Metropolitan Opera for this season. The works in which he will sing this year are "Gloconda," "Ernani," and "Così fan tutte." He will also be entrusted with the role in "The Marriage of Figaro," which was formerly sung by Edouard de Reszke.

FORBES ROBERTSON, the English actor, and his American wife, Gertrude Elliott, have consented to visit this country next season. Mrs. Robertson is a sister of Maxine Elliott. She went with N. C. Goodwin's company to London two years ago, became a member of Mr. Robertson's company, married the star and has been singularly successful. By her work in Madeline Lucette Ryley's play, "Mice and Men," which will soon be given in this country by Annie Russell, Miss Elliott established herself firmly in the affections of London theatergoers.

CHAPTER II.

The Triumph of Count Sandoff.

The effect of the girl's brief words upon Sandoff was startling. His face suddenly assumed the color of ashes; he retreated to his desk, and stood there supporting himself by one hand and looking down at Vera Shamarin with an expression that was hard to define—a glance of mingled sorrow and pity.

The girl sprang forward and threw herself at his feet.

"Save him! Save him!" she cried incoherently. "He is my brother—all that I have in the world. If he is taken they will send him to Schlüsselburg or to Siberia—or perhaps even worse."

Sandoff drew back a little.

"Do you realize what you are asking of me?" he said. "Do you know that I could have granted you anything rather than that?"

He spoke in a low tone, and signified the girl to be equally cautious. But she was in no mood for reasoning.

"Your oath! Remember your oath!" she cried. "You dare not break it. You must save my brother, as you have sworn to do. It cannot imperil you, for none will ever know how he escaped. Give him such a passport as you give to your agents when they are sent out of Russia on police business. He will be perfectly disguised and the manner of his escape will never be suspected."

"It is not for myself that I am here tonight," she said. "I want to save the life of a friend—as I once saved yours."

"Of Making Many Books There Is No End."

A Stevenson Memorial.

On November 13, Stevenson's birthday, some San Francisco admirers of the novelist held a celebration in his memory, which involved a visit to his monument, its decoration with flowers, and an oyster supper in the cafe which figures in his letters as "Foadieu's." Mrs. Stevenson and Bruce Porter, the designer of the monument, were present at the celebration. In this connection may be recalled one of the most charming incidents of the author's life, his presentation of his birthday to a little girl, daughter of Mr. Ide, who held a consular office at Samoa. The little maid's birthday came on February 29, to her grief, and Stevenson announced his intention of making her a gift of his. This he did in all due legal form, with a deed properly signed and witnessed, stating that he had no further use for said birthday, "having reached an age when 0, we never mention it."

"Elizabeth" Not to Visit America.

It is said that the Countess von Arnim is not, after all, to visit this country, the "Man of Wrath" having objected to the journey.

Humor and Avoidpools.

The "London Avardopool" has begun a discussion of the relation between flesh and humor. Some ingenious person made the statement, bolstered up by some facts, that great humorists were always thin. Somebody else has now brought forward the cases of Swift, Addison, Steele, Gay and Thompson, to prove that some humorists are fat.

Miss Howells Engaged.

The wedding of Miss Mildred Howells, daughter of William Dean Howells, and Mr. David Fairchild, entomologist of the Smithsonian Institution, is likely to be one of the literary as well as social events of the season. Miss Howells has been the especial companion of her father, and in her childhood figured in two or three children's stories which he wrote for a juvenile magazine, the only work of the kind which he ever did for publication. She is an artist of much ability, and a has-relief of Mr. Howells, done by her, is said to be one of the best portraits of the novelist.

The Home of an Artist.

Howard Pyle, the artist, was born in Wilmington, where his home still is. His house and studio are said to be most charming, and he has always been ready to lend a hand in aid of younger artists and illustrators.

Car-Window Views.

Emerson Hough, author of "The Mississippi Bubble," has expressed in no uncertain terms his opinion of what he calls "car-window writing." He says that the ordinary tale of the West is the result of this kind of experience pure and simple, and that the man who has been within three miles of a liar writes as though he knew the smell of leather. The author of "The Girl at the Half-Way House" cannot at any rate be accused of these methods.

A Beecher Story.

Stories of Henry Ward Beecher are still drifting about, and a particularly good one comes from Indianapolis. Mr. Beecher came back to that city, after he had gone to Brooklyn, for a little visit, and his friends arranged a reception for him, which was inadvertently planned for Wednesday evening—prayer-meeting night. Late in the evening there appeared a severe-looking elderly gentleman, who came to Mr. Beecher with an air of rebuke, and said: "Mr. Beecher, this is prayer-meeting night. I went to the First Presbyterian prayer-meeting, to the Third Presbyterian prayer-meeting, and to the Fourth Presbyterian prayer-meeting, expecting to meet the Lord Jesus and Henry Ward Beecher." The good man paused, and Mr. Beecher replied with that irrepressible twinkle in his eye, "Well, my dear sir, it's plain that you didn't find either of

us." The fine distinction which Mr. Beecher drew between things which were essentially wrong and those which were only contrary to convention was never better emphasized.

English as She Is Mistreated.

Even in London, that source of English pure and undefiled, there are people who have apparently mislaid their birthright. Here are some titles from a London bookseller's catalogue:

TITLES GIVEN.
Shakespeare's Judith. Ed. by Black.
The Curtain Will Not Rise Tonight. By Thorpe.
His Equals and Other Poems.
Paradise of Burglars.
Four Wings and an Arm.
The Newcomers.
Harry Snoodie's Masterpiece.
Genial.
Darwin's Indescent Man.
Moses Hart's Twelve Masses.
Homer's Ills He Had.
How I Roasted Moses.
WHAT THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN.
Judith Shakespeare. By W. Black.
Thorpe's Curlew Must Not Ring Tonight.
Ezekiel and Other Poems.
Burglars in Paradise.
Four Wings Farm.
Thackeray's Newcomers.
Aristotle's Masterpiece.
Jane Eyre.
Darwin's Descent of Man.
Mozart's Twelfth Mass.
Homer's Iliad.
How I Reached the Masses.

BY THE SANDS OF BEREHAVEN.

By the sands of Berehaven, I heard a mermaid sing,
I saw her face as pure as pearl mid dark weed glimmering;
She cast the long sea-laces back, and pearl-white there she lay,
And the wave that drifted her to shore stole my poor wits away.

By the sands of Berehaven, one hour out of my life
I drank of perfect happiness; then, clean as cuts a knife,
My joy was cut away from me, and over heart and brain
I felt the ebbing of the wave that drew her back again.

By the sands of Berehaven, I wander like a ghost,
And sorrow be upon the sea, and sorrow on the coast!
For not in any sea-cave or any heap of wood
I find my wits gone wandering, nor where the sea-gulls breed.

By the sands of Berehaven, if I grew old as death,
And counted every grain of sand that feels the sea-wind's breath
And feels the salt tears of the sea, I'd see her nevertheless,
For the same wave never flows again that once has ebbed from shore.
—Nora Chesson, in The Sketch.

JESTS IN SEASON.

A Habitual Offender.
Jaggies—I understand he's a golf enthusiast. Has he broken any records?
Waggies—No. He never broke anything but the Sabbath.—New York Times.

Insulted.
"Evidently," remarked the magistrate, as the next case came on, "this is just a plain drunk."

"Tha'sh a lie!" retorted the defendant, indignantly; "thish is a fancy jae. All mixed drinks."—Philadelphia Record.

The Modern Style.
"Is this, then, to be the end of our romance?" he asked.
"No," she answered. "My lawyer will call on you in the morning. I have a bushel and a half of your letters."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Out of Order.
"William," she whispered, shaking him vigorously, "get up! There's a bugler down stairs!"

"That's new business and not in order now," replied the eminent parliamentarian, sleepily, "while there's unfinished business before the house. I've got to dispose of this nap of mine first."—Philadelphia Press.

THE CAPTIVES OF THE CZAR A Stirring Novel of Siberian Exile By WM. MURRAY GRAYDON

(Copyright by Frank A. Munsey.)
SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALLMENT.
Victor Sandoff at thirty is head of the Russian secret service, succeeding his father, whose death he seeks to avenge. One night, in pursuit of a noted nihilist named Shamarin, he becomes separated from his men, and finds himself locked in a room in a strange house. He is rescued by a young woman with a sweet voice, who makes him swear that he will give life for life, at her request. A year passes. Again his men are on the trail of Shamarin, for whom a reward is offered. Zamosc, Sandoff's lieutenant, brings in a peasant, who insists on seeing the chief privately. For the sake of the reward he reveals the hiding place of Shamarin.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Inspector Sandoff.

SANDOFF'S eyes sparkled.

"Are you sure the information is correct?" he asked.

"You can rely on it," said Poussin. "I am in a position to know. But I trust that your honor will keep my share in the matter a secret," he continued imploringly. "If it were known my life would not be worth a kopeck."

"Have no fear," said Sandoff. "If you are betrayed it will be your own doing. As for the reward, you will get it in good time, provided your information proves correct."

He was interrupted by a sudden rap on the door, and when he walked over and opened it slightly he saw the face of his man Ivan, whose duty it was to stand guard in the hall.

"Bug pardon, your honor," said the servant, "but a lady is outside demanding to see you. I told her that you were busy, but she would take no denial. She insists on speaking with you, and refuses to go away."

"What does she look like?" asked Sandoff, wrinkling his brow. "Has she ever been here before?"

"Not to my knowledge," replied Ivan.

"Her face is covered with a thick veil, but she appears to be young." Sandoff hesitated for an instant. The wrinkles deepened on his forehead, and his hands trembled slightly as they rested on each side of the doorway.

"I will see her in a few moments," he announced abruptly. "Give her that message, Ivan, and bid her wait in the hall."

As Ivan went back to the front room Sandoff closed the door and turned to Poussin.

"You must excuse me for a moment," he said. "Some one is waiting for a private interview with me. I am going to put you in here," leading the way to the rear apartment, "and as my agent, Zamosc, will be with you I must caution you to be silent and to make no reply to any questions he may ask you," for it was Sandoff's custom to permit the identity of informers to be known to none but himself.

"I know better than to open my lips," returned the fellow shrewdly, and the reply thoroughly satisfied Sandoff. He left his companion and passed through the outer room. Zamosc was sitting by the desk perusing a newspaper.

"I must ask you to retire to the rear room for a little while," said Sandoff hurriedly. "You heard Ivan state that a lady wishes to see me. I think I know what she wants. It is some personal affair that should have been arranged at my house, but since she is here I may as well see her."

"Don't apologize, I beg of you," replied Zamosc. He walked quietly back and entered the rear room, where Poussin was already seated.

Sandoff followed him and then returned to the front apartment, closing both doors. He walked to the hall door and threw it open. "You may come in," he said. "I am at leisure now."

With a soft rustling of skirts a wom-

an entered. She glided to the center of the room without a word and quickly removed her cloak and veil.

Sandoff was thrilled with amazement and admiration. His eyes were riveted upon the slender figure standing opposite him—so clear that he could have touched her by extending his hand. He had seen many beautiful women in his time, but never one to match this young girl—for she was scarcely more than twenty. Her hair was a rich golden brown, her eyes gleamed with a slightly darker shade of the same color than beneath long drooping lashes; her cheeks were faintly tinged with a hue like the early bloom of the peach, and the ivory whiteness of her neck and throat was only equalled by the pearly rows of teeth that showed through her parted lips as she breathed quickly and deeply. She wore a close fitting dress, made of dark material and richly trimmed with sable.

The two stood in silence for a moment, and then, meeting Sandoff's eye, the girl blushed.

"You don't know me?" she said abruptly. "Do you remember the night of the 30th of December, one year ago—"

The sweet voice, the accent, revealed the truth to Sandoff instantly.

"I remember now," he said gravely. "It was you who saved my life."

"And you remember the promise you made me?" she continued.

Sandoff inclined his head. He was greatly troubled by this visit, now that he began to guess its import. Yet he had no thought of breaking his oath.

"What can I do for you?" he said.

"Speak! Don't be afraid."

The girl's eyes sought the floor for a moment and then were turned to Sandoff entreatingly.

"It is not for myself that I am here tonight," she said. "I want to save the life of a friend—as I once saved yours."

Unless he can leave the city before day-light he is lost. Only one thing can aid him, and that is a passport.

"His name?" demanded Sandoff, quickly.

"Tell me his name!"

The girl sank upon a chair and buried her face in her hands. She sobbed audibly for an instant and then looked up appealingly through her tears.

"His name," she replied in a broken voice, "is Felix Shamarin. He is my brother. I am Vera Shamarin."

CHAPTER II.

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